



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1805.

NOVELIST.

AMANDA:—A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

AT the declivity of one of the most romantic hills in Wales, stood a small, neat-looking cottage, which by the beauty of its situation, and the picturesque scenes by which it was surrounded, attracted the observation of every travelling passenger.

On a lovely evening, in the month of July, as the venerable inhabitants of this humble dwelling were seated at the margin of a little stream which silently meandered round the hill, their domestic harmony was unexpectedly interrupted by a sudden shriek of terror and apprehension, and they perceived a carriage coming furiously down the hill, with a degree of velocity that threatened its destruction, as the affrightened animals which drew it had totally avoided all constraint, by dislodging their driver from his accustomed seat.

Compassion and humanity had taken such entire possession of Fitzowen's breast, that neither caution nor circumspection could gain admittance there; and, by an impulse arising from the benevolence of his heart, he immediately sprang forward, and seizing the impetuous animals by the reins, preserved the lives of those within the carriage, at the absolute hazard of his own. A beautiful young woman, apparently about nineteen, in vain attempted to express her feelings—Terror had deprived her of the power of speech, and tears alone described a grateful heart; these, as she pressed an infant to her bosom, flowed copiously down her pallid cheeks.

Fitzowen's wife, who had witnessed this instance of her husband's humanity with the most agonizing apprehensions

for his safety, now came forward to offer her assistance, and taking the little stranger from its mother's arms, delivered it into those of her only domestic, (who alarmed by the shrieks that had issued from the carriage ran out of the cottage to see from whence they had proceeded) whilst, assisted by the worthy Fitzowen, she tenderly lifted the lady into the house. The perfect security in which she beheld her child, united to the kindness of her benevolent hosts, soon composed the agitation of her spirits; and whilst Fitzowen went in search of the driver, his wife was busily employed in preparing some refreshments.

The humane Fitzowen soon returned with the melancholy intelligence of the postillion's danger, who, being thrown with violence upon a heap of stones, lay in a state of total insensibility.—The attention of these worthy people was instantly devoted to the unfortunate sufferer; and whilst the servant ran to the nearest town for a doctor, her master claimed the assistance of a neighboring cottager to enable him to remove the poor man to his dwelling.

Though the lady displayed the utmost humanity when she beheld the miserable state to which the postillion was reduced, yet the distress she seemed to feel from the necessity of *delay*, was superior to that which she endured from his situation; and when she found no conveyance could be procured until the following morning, she resigned herself wholly to *grief* and *dissappointment*.

The singularity of a young woman travelling without attendants, whose appearance bespoke her of superior birth, could not fail of calling forth the astonishment even of Fitzowen; and whilst he compassionated the distress she was unable to conceal, he could

not help fearing that she was the victim of duplicity. Ingenuous in his manners, and honest in his designs, he was resolved to caution her against the artifices of mankind; for though he then lived in the bosom of retirement, he was no stranger to the deceptions which disgrace society; but to begin a conversation that might be considered as obtrusive and impertinent, he felt required no small portion of delicacy, and he had almost determined to abandon his design, when the stranger expressed her apprehensions that her unprotected situation might expose her to censure, if not suspicion.

"Alas! Madam," said the venerable old man, "censure and suspicion are not the least evils you may have to encounter from your unprotected situation; for you are exposed to the attacks of the unprincipled, and the machinations of the depraved; and whilst you may fancy yourself secure in the innocence that guards you, it may prove insufficient to protect you from ruin!"

"Your words, my amiable counselor," replied the agitated fair one, "absolutely strike like daggers to my heart!—Ah! why," continued she, clasping her hands and lifting up her eyes to Heaven, "why did I leave that hospitable roof that would have shielded me from danger, and saved me from despair! Oh, Alphonso!—faithless, unkind Alphonso!—was it for this I plighted thee my love, and vowed before the altar to preserve it?"

The closing words of the melancholy ejaculation convinced Fitzowen that her sorrows arose rather from misfortune, than from guilt; and, anxious to lessen an affliction he was grieved at beholding, he conjured his guest to indulge him with an epitome of her sorrows, if there was a possibility of his being able to redress them.

There is something so extremely consoling in the voice of sympathy, that it even softens the sorrows it is unable to abate; and, though there was little probability of Fitzowen's having the power to mitigate those which preyed upon Amanda's mind, yet she could not deny herself the melancholy pleasure of imparting them to one so naturally prone to pity.

"I had the misfortune," said the unhappy wanderer, "to lose my mother before I was sensible either of her tenderness or care; and though she did not die until two years after my birth, yet, as the physicians attributed the melancholy event to that circumstance, my father (who certainly doated upon her) considered me as the cause of his future misery, and, instead of bestowing upon me the smallest share of paternal affection, would frequently reproach me as the destroyer of his repose!

"About three years after the death of my amiable parent, Mrs. Darnley, her only sister, who had been many years married in the East-Indies, unexpectedly returned to her native country; and, anxious to behold the semblance of her loved Amanda, immediately repaired to my father's country seat. The striking likeness between my mother and myself, united to the accounts the servants gave of the inhumanity of my father's treatment, induced that amiable and respected woman to solicit his permission to take me under her care and as my presence had always been displeasing to him, he readily consented to the proposal and I joyfully quitted my paternal residence.

"The sudden transition from unkindness to affection had the happiest effect upon a naturally timid mind; and instead of a dejection uncommon at my age, I soon was remarked for liveliness and volatility. My aunt, who was one of the most accomplished, as well as the most elegant of women, wholly undertook the care of my education; and the pleasure I experienced from receiving her instructions seemed fully to repay her for the fatigue of imparting them.

"Her health, which had been impaired by an Eastern climate, by the time I was sixteen, was considered by the physicians in a declining state; the idea of my being obliged to return to

the protection of so unnatural a father was no less painful to her than it was to myself; and though she thought me rather too young to be introduced into life, yet the wish of seeing me established before her death determined her to resolve upon that measure.

"Though Mrs. Darnley had generally resided in the country, yet she had made frequent excursions to town; and as I had occasionally partaken of its amusements, the prospect of our being stationary there filled my bosom with sensations of delight. The winter was spent in a succession of pleasures; and though the novelty of my person attracted general attention, yet there were no candidates for my hand likely either to secure my affection, or obtain the approbation of my aunt: but the following spring we removed to Bath, where, alas! I had the misfortune to become acquainted with the most insinuating, and most engaging of his sex.

"My amiable relation, anxious for the promotion of my happiness, no sooner beheld the mutual symptoms of regard than she set emissaries to work to find out his private character, and had the mortification of discovering some secret traits in it much to his disgrace if not to his dishonor. With the most perfect reliance upon my prudence, she immediately made me acquainted with them, and, to prevent the possibility of any future intercourse, entreated me to consent to a removal from Bath.

"My tenderness and affection instantly took alarm, and though I appeared to concur with my aunt's wishes, my heart whispered me—*we must not separate!* We were that evening engaged to go to the Rooms with a Mrs. Manners, a particular friend of my aunt's; and as she thought it would appear singular to break through it, our intended departure was not to take place until the following day.

"My attentive lover (whom I shall call merely by the christian name of Alphonso) was ready to hand us from our chairs; and though my aunt had wished me to excuse myself from dancing, he was so extremely importunate, that it was absolutely impossible to avoid it; and he availed himself of that opportunity to plead his passion with so much ardor, that I was weak enough to credit his assertions, and in-

discreetly consented to a private marriage, in case he found it impossible to obtain the consent of my more than mother.

"Mrs. Manners (to whom he was distantly related) undertook to plead in favor of his passion, but the prejudice of her friend was so completely strong, that she found it impossible ever to surmount it; and, fearful of giving uneasiness to one I loved so tenderly, I pretended to relinquish the prospect of our union, though at the same time I had promised to become his wife."

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

LOVE.

"To be in love, when scorn is bought with groans,
"Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one moment's mirth,
"With twenty weary, watchful, tedious nights;
"If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
"If lost why then a grievous labor won;
"However, but a folly bought with wit,
"Or else, a wit by folly vanquished!"

TRUE friend SHAKESPEARE. But where were all these wise reflections, and doleful admonitions, and grievous exclamations, when you encountered the charms of *Ann Hathaway*. Like other sagacious men, you could "*jest at scars before you felt a wound.*" But it stands on record, that *Mistress Hathaway's* bright eyes could thaw all those frigid resolutions, and melt away all this frost of reflection. 'Tis easy to sit in one's arm-chair, and frame caustic satires, and biting sarcasms on the woe begone votaries of the blind wight, who is alternately stiled *god* and *imp*—the mischief making Cupid. The little vindictive urchin, however, seldom fails of revenging the insult. Lurking in the dimple of a smile, or posting himself in the corner of a sparkling eye, he lets fly a well-aimed arrow, and the poor *Cynic*, who scorned his power, and sneered so wittily at the discomfiture of others, finds himself, like *Romeo*, "*stabb'd through the heart, by a white wench's black eye;*" and at length owns that broken hearts, and lovers' sighs and moans, and scornful dames, and languishing love-pangs, are *very serious things*. He quits his satires for love-ditties; and his face which before was curled into an habitual sneer, is lengthened into a visage long and mournful, like the woeful countenance of the knight of *La Mancha*.

Love, says Dr. Johnson, or some other equally grave, sagacious, cold-blooded old curmudgeon, is the "wisdom of a fool, and the folly of a wise man." My friend and cousin Charles Meander, (who studies common sense instead of Coke, and reads human nature instead of Hawkins) makes the difference, not in the intellect, but constitution, and says that love is the sprightliness of a sober man, and the gravity of a rattlehead. Take, says he, a fellow, with no more life in his composition than there is electric fire in an icicle—a dull, heavy molded clod of mortality, who appears designed by heaven for no other purpose than to grind bark in a tannery—a being whose "blood is very snow-broth," and whose head, as Jack Falstaff says, is stuff'd with "dull, foolish, crudy vapors"—take such a Cymon as this, and let some fair Iphigenia "breathe into him the breath of"—love, and he will "straightway become a living soul."

Like the fire of Prometheus, it animates the marble statue, and gives it heat, and fancy, and inspiration. On the other hand, says Charles, (and Charles like Octavian, is "high in office in Cupid's cabinet") let some bright and aspiring genius, who is "wont to set the table in a roar"—some volatile and excentric mortal, who was mis-sent by nature and designed, not for the earth, but the planet Mercury—let some soaring spirit of this description receive a wound from the well-directed small-shot of the eye—he sinks at once to the earth, and waddles like a wounded goose. He grows as "melancholy as a gib'd cat," and as moping as a sick monkey. The gay and animated Mercutio is transmitted into the whining and love-sick Romeo.

This doctrine I do not exactly believe. However, there is certainly one exception to my friend Charles's general rule; and that exception comprises a considerable part of the ostensible devotees of Cupid. Those pretty fellows "whom ladies call their sweets," who think themselves in duty bound to fall in love with every pretty face they see, and to talk nonsensical flattery every time they either are or pretend to be enamoured—these gentlemen, whom custom has termed *general lovers* are most assuredly exempt from the effects, whether pains, penalties or rewards of *falling in love*, as the expres-

sive phrase is. "These fellows of infinite tongue," as that mad wag, Harry, of Monmouth, says, "who can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, always do reason themselves out again," will talk as familiarly of darts and flames, as of bonnets or ribbons; and pray for the cure of their wounded hearts, with as composed countenances as if their hose wanted darning. If any thing would justify that old, snarling, philosophical whelp, Diogenes, in his wish, when he saw a woman hanging on an olive-tree, "that every olive-tree bore such fruit," it would be indignation at the thought, that a woman should be duped by such prating popinjays. A girl might as well expect to dry up Lake Superior with a hot poker, as to fix one of these inconstant weathercocks. A woman that surrenders her heart into the custody of so indifferent and careless a keeper, deserves to suffer the effect of her folly.

[ÆGIS.] Marmaduke Meander.

To the Right honorable the Lord Chancellor, and my Lords the Judges.

The Petitioner of a much abused, yet very innocent person, humbly sheweth, That your lordship's unhappy petitioner, though heretofore, caressed, and acknowledged the most useful and valuable servant of mankind, is of late, through some unnatural prejudices of education or corruption of manners, become either shamefully neglected, or notoriously abused. And though on all hands his abilities in teaching, and bringing to perfection the greatest and most useful designs, are acknowledged; yet it is astonishing to see in what useless and trifling concerns he is engaged by some, and what vile and infamous drudgery he goes through for others. Some have employed him many years together in teaching them the art of managing a pack of cards to the best advantage: the consequence of which is ruin, if they do not succeed, and infamy, if they do. Others drag him at their heels from one place of idle amusement to another, never considering how he exhausts his spirits, and consumes himself in following them; nor suffering him to do them any substantial service, though they know him to be so well qualified for it. Nay, it can be proved that daily attempts are made upon the life of your said petitioner: some being so aban-

doned as to com-

unnatural design to murder him openly and without shame, solicit their vile companions to join with them in the wicked design; insomuch that your petitioner is obliged to keep constantly armed with a very formidable weapon: the terror of which, though it serves to keep some in awe, is yet not sufficient to deter these desperate wretches from their determined and constant attempts to kill him. The many cruel wounds your petitioner has received from the hand of these ruffians have brought upon him numberless evils and calamities; which, together with the weight of years he now labors under, render his present state a scene of misfortunes and misery. In the midst of his distresses, however, it is matter of great consolation to your said petitioner, that the wise and virtuous, some few of whom remain to comfort his old age, take every opportunity of cherishing and making much of him, and agree in commiserating his misfortunes, and lamenting the ill usage he receives from the aforesaid foolish and abandoned profligates. But notwithstanding these noble examples, such is the force of custom, and the prevalence of fashion, that every possible outrage still continues to be committed with impunity against the person of your abused petitioner, the most ancient and most useful servant of mankind.

It is therefore most humbly prayed, that your lordships will take the premises into your serious consideration, and in your great wisdoms contrive some effectual means or laws to prevent or punish these gross insults, and unpardonable outrages, committed against an old man, past the best of his years, hourly declining, and daily expecting to resign his being to one who will never forget the injuries done to his predecessor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall pray for the increase of your happiness to the end of TIME.

A rule which nobody should forget—
Speak as seldom and as little as may be either for yourself or of yourself; but let your character speak for you.—
Whatever that says will be believed; but what you say in the commendation of your own character, instead of being believed, will but render you ridiculous.